

Lita Ford, War Of The Angels

(Ford,Ehmig)

She runs through the streets, so desperately young
Her eyes aflame, and her mind undone
She aches for the songs, that will never be sung
And the heroes so quickly forgotten

She sees a friend, in the church yard light
Laughing and joking and talking to the sky
Shots ring out, and he hits the ground
He never opens his eyes
And she cries

*Heaven is closed to the angels below
Streets of gold are now paved with sorrow
God only knows what happens to love
When the innocence is gone
And the war of the angels has begun

The ghosts in her head, have faces and names
Theyre soldiers and children, all one in the same
In the streets and the alleys, hear the battle cries sound
And the angels run for cover
As the world comes tumbling down
All through the night the battle is fought
They can never win back the lives theyve lost
Down on her knees, in the tear stained dawn
She just closes her eyes and whispers goodbye

*chorus

Another day in the neighborhood
Better dry your eyes and be off to school
She packs her lunch and her daddys gun
Seems much too old to be so young
The battle begins the day that youre born
Into this world, so heartsick and war torn
Somebody better come and carry her away
Maybe this angel will live...
To fly again someday

*chorus